The poore aduanced makes friends of enemies,
And hethertoo doth loue on fortune tend,
For who not needs, shall neuer lacke a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemie.
But orderly to end where I begunne,
Our willes and fates doe so contrary runne,
That our deuices still are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne,
So thinke thou wilt no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts when thy first Lord is dead.

Quee. Nor earth to me giue foode, nor heauen light,
Sport and repose lock from mee day and night,
To desperation turne my trust and hope,
And Anchors cheere in prison be my scope,
Each opposite that blanckes the face of ioy,
Meete what I would haue well, and it destroy,
Both heere and hence pursue me lasting strife, *Ham.* If she should
If once I bee a widdow, euer I be a wife. breake it now

King. Tis deepely sworne, sweet leaue mee heare a while,
My spirits grow dull and faine I would beguyle
The tedious day with sleepe,

Quee. Sleepe rock thy braine,
And neuer come mischance betwixt vs twaine. *Exeunt.*

Ham. Maddam, how like you this play?

Quee. The Lady doth protest too much me thinkes.

Ham. O but shee'le keepe her word.

King. Haue you heard the argument? is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but iest, poyson in iest, no offence i th world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The Mousetrap, mary how tropically, this play is the Image of a murther done in *Vienna*, *Gonzago* is the Dukes name, his wife *Baptista*, you shall see anone, tis a knauish peece of worke, but what of that? your maiesty and we shall haue free soules, it touches vs not, let the gauled Iade winch, our withers are vnwrung. This is one *Lucianus*, Nephew to the King.

Enter Lucianus.

Oph. You are as good as a Chorus my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your loue

If I could see the puppits dallying

Ophe. You are keene my Lor

Ham. It would cost you a gro

Oph. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your hus
thy damnable faces and begin, c
low for reuenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands
Confiderat season els no creature
Thou mixture rancke, of midnigh
With *Hecats* ban thrice blasted, t
Thy naturall magicke, and dire p
On wholesome life vsurps immed

Ham. A poysons him i'th Gar
go, the story is extant and written
anon how the murtherer gets th

Oph. The King rises.

Quee. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Giue ore the play.

King. Giue me some light, a

Pol. Lights, lights, lights.

Ham. Why let the stroken de
The Hart vngauled play,
For some must watch whilst some
Thus runnes the world away. W
thers, if the rest of my fortunes t
all *Roses*, on my raz'd shooes, get

Hora. Halfe a share.

Ham, A whole one I.
For thou dost know oh *Damon* d
This Realme dimantled was
Of *Ioue* himselfe, and now raigne
A very very paiock.

Hora. You might haue rim'd.

Ham. O good *Horatio*, Ile ta
pound. Didst perceaue?

Hora. Very well my Lord.

Ham. Vppon the talke of the

Hora. I did very well note hi

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